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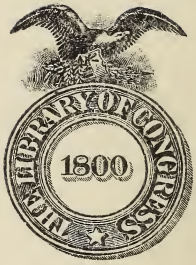

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MEMOIR

OF

JONATHAN SAVILLE;

OF HALIFAX, ENG.

INCLUDING HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY FRANCIS A. WEST.

FROM THE LONDON EDITION.

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PREFACE.

One of our preachers, while on a visit to England, met with a copy of this interesting little book, and, having been deeply affected in its perusal, forwarded it to us; giving his opinion, that, if republished, it would be exceedingly popular and useful among the young people of our sabbath schools, as well as among persons of riper years; an opinion in which, we doubt not, every reader will concur.

The compiler of the work, who is an eminent minister in the British Conference, says: "It was thought fitting that a memorial should be raised for Jonathan Saville, by which the church might glorify God in him. The following sketch of his life is partly his own story, as taken down from his lips about seven years before his death, by a respected clergyman, formerly resident in Halifax; and partly has been gathered among his friends in Halifax, and other parts of Yorkshire." In preparing it for republication, we have divided the narrative into chapters, and occasionally altered or explained a word, or phrase, which it was thought might not be intelligible to our readers.

The history of Jonathan Saville furnishes a striking instance of the divine method of procedure, in often choosing "the weak things of this world" to be notable instruments in furthering the work of his grace, "that the excellency of the power" may be seen and acknowledged to be "of God, and not of man." Not many persons have engaged in their Master's work under circumstances of so much apparent disadvantage and discouragement as the subject of this Memoir; yet we

question whetner many learned divines will not be found "in that day," to have fewer "stars in the crown of their rejoicing."

But while we peruse the relation of Jonathan's labours and usefulness, and "glorify God in his behalf," we should also remember that there is a practical lesson to be learned from it. Although it was an obscure and humble, it was not a "slothful servant" upon whom God put this honour: he was "instant in season and out of season,"—faithful, zealous, and persevering in the use of the "talent" with which his Lord had intrusted him. How many professors are there (labourers we cannot call them) who, though far more favourably circumstanced than he was, "stand all the day idle" in their Lord's vineyard, excusing their indolence on the plea that they have but little ability and few opportunities for usefulness! Let all such consider the example that is here set before them, and "go and do likewise." "The children of this world are wiser in their generation" than these "children of light:" the man who engages in business, with but small means, instead of regarding this as a ground for inactivity, rather strives by greater assiduity to make up for his want of capital. Let us, then, if we have but "one talent," instead of "hiding it in the earth," only be the more diligent in improving it, that we may be able to give a good "account of our stewardship" to Him who hath said, "Occupy till I come," and may hear from his lips the approving sentence, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

S. B. WICKENS.

New-York, August, 1844.

MEMOIRS

OF

JONATHAN SAVILLE.

CHAPTER I.

JONATHAN'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

I was born on the 9th day of December, in the year of our Lord 1759, at Great Horton Bank-Top, in the parish of Bradford. My father was a religious, good man, a member of the Calvinist congregation at Kipping, near Thornton. He was a delver by trade. He was killed by a mass of earth falling on him while baring [laying bare the bed of stone by removing the upper strata] in a quarry at Little Horton. He used often to retire into a barn to pray. His custom was to pray aloud. A young woman going into the barn on one of these occasions heard him, and was convinced of sin under his

prayer. My mother was a Moravian. I was three years and a half old when she died. I can remember the litter coming for her, when I sat and cried till they came back from the funeral. Until I was seven years old I lived partly with my father and grandmother, and partly in Horton workhouse. I was then bound apprentice to a man whose name I do not wish to make known, as some of the family are yet living. He turned me over to the colliers in Denholme; on which my father said to him, "I had rather you'd tied a stone round his neck, and drowned him." I was a fine growing active lad at that time. I saw some cripples in the house of my new master, and the thought came across me that I was to share the same fate with them. At first I was taught to spin worsted; but it was not long before I was taken to the coal-pit. I had to go at six in the morning, and did not return home till six in the evening. The hardships I endured were very great. After working hard all day, I had to go two or three miles with the picks [mason's tools] to

sharpen, or to spin at home till bed-time. One evening, on returning home after having wrought in the pit all day, I was so exhausted, that my feet stuck fast in a piece of swampy ground, and I was too faint and weak to free myself. A young man kindly helped me out, and assisted me home. My master flew into a passion, and said, "I'll make him spin four hanks before he goes to bed for it." Whereupon the other said, "If you do not give the poor thing some supper, and let him off to bed, I'll have you before your betters." I had forgotten this circumstance, when, going over Swill-hill with James Ashworth, about four years since, who should come to me but this same man. He was working in a stone quarry there, and he reminded me of this fact of my young days.

When I was taken from the pit I was more dead than alive: my strength was quite gone, and my soul was sick within me. I went no more to the pit, but was employed in spinning at home. One day (it was when

I was about ten years old) I was sitting upon a low stool in the passage of the house, spinning. It was a very cold day, and I went to the fire to warm myself. One of my master's daughters came, and pushed me roughly away from the fire. I fell with my thigh under me, and it was broken. I *crawled* into a room, and lay down on the bed. When my master came home they told him, "Jonathan has turned sulky, and has gone and laid him down in bed." He came to me, and said that if I did not get up and spin, he would knock my brains out. I tumbled off the bed as well as I could, and supported myself by a chair; my thigh bent under me, and I fell to the ground. He took, or rather dragged me, and forced me down upon the low stool in the passage, and made me spin for the rest of the day. No doctor was ever called in to set my thigh; nor did any of the women show me any compassion. My moanings were laughed at, and they ridiculed me in my sufferings. I used to go to sleep at night, holding the bone in its place

with my hand as well as I could. In this condition I remained between three and four years. I was nearly grown double, and whenever I had to go out of doors I was obliged to creep. At length my master, wishing to get rid of me, applied to the Thornton overseers, who told him to send me to Horton workhouse. The Horton and Thornton overseers came to see what condition I was in. They said they thought I should not live a month; but if I did, I was to come to the workhouse. I survived the month; and never did prince long so much for his crown as I did to get there. My master set out for the workhouse with me on his back, my broken leg dangling like a dead hare. We overtook a lad, to whom my master offered sixpence to carry me as far as Queen's Head. There I was put into a cart which was going down to Horton. The shaking of the cart made me scream for agony. The lad seeing this, got in, and held me on his knee till we got to the workhouse. (I was preaching a Sunday-school sermon some years ago at Wibsey,

and while relating all my sufferings, and this circumstance among the rest, of the lad holding me on his knee, some one in the congregation called out, "He's here in the chapel." After service the man came to me, and we had a hearty shake of the hand.) When we got to the workhouse they set me down on the floor; and no sooner was it told about the house that little Jonathan was come back, than all the old women left their spinning, and came to see me. I believe if my master had not got out of the way, they would have done him an injury.

The master of the workhouse took great care of me. When I had been there about a quarter of a year I asked him if he would get me a little wheel, and I would try and spin. He did so, and said, in a kind way, "Thou shalt spin two hanks a day; and what thou canst over that, thou shalt have for thyself." There I sat and spun. I could not carry my hand round the wheel for weakness and pain, but used to give it a push. The master had me bathed in a large tub of water three or

four times a week. This did me a great deal of good, and I felt my limbs growing stronger. An old man in the house, seeing my improvement, said, "We must have thee raised up, Jonathan; thou shalt not have to sit in a corner all thy days." He made me a pair of little crutches. I remember there was an old woman in the house who went upon crutches too. The master on seeing us both come halting in to dinner together one day, said, "Alice, Jonathan will beat you soon." That master died from over-exertion in the hay-field. His successor, a Quaker, took a great liking to me, which he showed by many acts of kindness. There was an old pensioner in the house who had lost the use of one side. The master said to him, "John, I'll give thee a pint of beer to thy drinking, if thou wilt teach these lads I have in the workhouse to read." And I well remember my creeping between the old man's shaking knees to say my lesson to him. Within a year I became a tolerable reader in the Bible.

There was a spring at the bottom of a field

near the workhouse, and there the master made a dam for me to bathe in. He would say, "Now, Jonathan, thou canst be toddling down, and when thou gets to the spring I shall see, and I'll come and undress thee." I could not undress myself; so he did, and ducked me over head two or three times, and then dressed me. He would often bring with him a gill of beer, and some oat-cake, and say, "Now sup thy beer, lad, and come home when thou wilt." Thus, having a good constitution, I gradually recovered strength; but when I was fourteen years of age I believe I was less in stature than I was at seven. I used to go down to the Methodist chapel sometimes on a Sunday; and the people, as they passed me in the street, would pat me on the head, and say, "Poor Jonathan! his father's prayers will be heard for him yet;" and one and another would give me a penny; which, joined to my over-earnings at spinning, served me for school wages. I went to a night school to learn a little writing and arithmetic. As the Unitarian chapel was

the nearest to the workhouse, we lads were sent there, and were kindly noticed by the minister. One day the Quaker met him, and asked him for a Bible for each of us: so I got a Bible of my own.

I remember about this time [1774] hearing Mr. William Brammah in the Methodist chapel. I stood on my crutches all the while. I had a cruise among my relations for about five or six months, and then returned to the workhouse. There had been another change of overseers. In the house there were three lads of us, of whom I was the least, spinning in the room. The new overseer came in, and looked at us. On going home he said to his wife, "Deborah, there are three lads yonder in the workhouse likely to be fixtures: what think'st thou if we learn one of them to warp?" She said, "I'll have none but little Saville: his father has prayed scores of times in this house." So he sent his daughter over to the workhouse for me. When I had been about a year at John Murgatroyd's there came another overseer, and I went to live with him.

I lived with him about four years; when some little matter that I did not like made me wishful to leave him.

[An anecdote is told of Jonathan respecting his residence at the workhouse, which may here be given. There was in the house an old and blind man who had long wished to attend the church at Bradford; but his blindness and poverty prevented. Jonathan, being now satisfied that he could manage the journey, cheerfully volunteered his services to the poor old man. Accordingly, on the next sabbath-day (for the arrival of which they had looked with anxious and longing hearts) they both left the workhouse at an early hour, and trudged away to church,—"the halt leading the blind." This practice they continued sabbath after sabbath; and it was an affecting sight, which often attracted the gaze of the passers-by, the youthful cripple getting along as he was able upon his crutches, and the blind man, with one hand on little Jonathan's shoulder, while in the other he grasped a staff to support his tottering steps.

We cannot refuse here to pause, and admire the paternal care of divine Providence over this orphan child. Indeed, who that has observed Providence at all as illustrative of the faithful word of God, that has not admired its remarkable interpositions in behalf of the widow and the orphan. More exposed than others to the wrongs of the oppressor, and having greater difficulties in the world, they have peculiar claims; and by various means God shows that they are the objects of a peculiar care. "Leave thy fatherless children; *I will preserve them alive;* and let thy widows trust in me." Who could have expected that such a child as poor Jonathan, at ten years of age, suffering under the brutal treatment of that fiend in human form, with a broken thigh, never set, and never attended to for months after the fracture, should have been able to survive and live to manhood? Look at him as he lay upon the floor, trembling lest further violence should be committed by a woman! and see him sitting on a cold stone in the open passage of a house,

on a bleak winter's day, and what hope is there but in the promise which pledges the effectual mercy of Providence,—"*I will preserve them alive?*" The remembrance of God's mercy was ever before him and others. He halted upon his thigh, and became a very little man: but even his afflictions were overruled of God; for when he afterward became a Christian, and occupied the pulpit, the platform, and the Sunday-school desk, his very appearance always secured attention and excited interest; for the story of his sufferings seemed to travel with him. His diminutive stature always attracted the notice of children, and no doubt gave an interest to his appearance and advice: they were always pleased with "Little Jonathan;" and the discipline of his early sorrows prepared him to take an interest in their little cares and childish troubles. We return again to the narrative.]

I was going to Bradford with pieces to sell, when I met Mr. John Swaine, of Cross Hill, Halifax. He knew me, and said, "Jona-

than, are you your own master?" I said, "Any day, sir." So he engaged me to become a warper at Cross Hill.

It was on the 6th of November, 1782, when I first came to live at Halifax. I knew no one except a woman who worked at Mr. Swaine's: she was the widow of the first master of Horton workhouse, of whom I have made mention. Having lived about half a year with Mr. S., from whom I met with uniform kindness, I went to live with his brother-in-law at Lightcliffe, but only for about half a year, when Mr. S. saw me, and asked me to come back. I was in their employ about twenty years.

[With the exception of a short interval, he lived from this time in Halifax, and during the whole period maintained the character of unimpeachable fidelity. The following anecdote will show the boldness and aptness of his mind:—When he was received into Mr. Swaine's workshop, he was placed in a situation which one of the workmen hoped would have been given to his daughter. The

man took offence, and envy and hatred prompted him to take every opportunity of accusing Jonathan to his master, with the hope of obtaining his dismission. One day in particular, the man having been unusually peevish with Jonathan, and feeling persuaded he had found out some deficiency, which, if properly worked up and represented to Mr. Swaine, would procure the new warper's discharge, he went into an adjoining room to the master. Jonathan was aware of his errand; and during his absence, taking a piece of red chalk from his pocket, he wrote in legible characters on the wall, "Accuse not a servant unto his master, lest he curse thee, and thou be found guilty." When the man returned and saw the inscription he blushed, and went quietly to his work; and never after that was he found guilty of such conduct. Mr. Swaine shortly after came into the room, and saw the writing; and it is needless to observe that Jonathan rose still higher in his estimation.]

CHAPTER II.

JONATHAN'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF—CONTINUED.

In 1785, being then in my twenty-sixth year, I married Mary Milnes.

During the four years that I lived at Little Horton and Thornton, I had frequently to go round to the different hamlets to collect the work that had been put out; and though I had many opportunities of purloining, having sometimes to bring home as much as £50 [about $240] worth, yet I never wronged my master of a penny. And for this I desire to bless the preventing grace of God. I felt the thought of it a great comfort to me after my conversion.

As I had gone to Bradford Methodist chapel both on my crutches and after I had got upon my feet, so when I came to Halifax I attended the Methodist chapel there. Often do I remember hiding my face to hinder people from seeing my tears under the sermon. Yet it was not till New-Year's day, 1784,

when Mr. Benson was presiding at the renewal of the covenant, that I was fully convinced of the necessity of a change of heart. I had slipped into the chapel by stealth, and got into a corner. When he called on all those who were determined to be on the Lord's side to hold up their hands, I said to myself, "Now, or never!" Mr. Benson gave notice that a love-feast would be held the day following in Sowerby-street. I set out to go; but not knowing the road, and being directed wrong, I missed my way. It was snowing and blowing furiously at the time; so I turned back. I continued, however, in prayer and attendance on the means of grace, when a revival broke out in Halifax. I attended the meetings, and one and another asked me to go to their class; but as I wished to go to one in which there were not many new converts, I made choice of Mr. Robert Emmett's. Through a constant hearing of the word I had gained some knowledge of the way of salvation. There is not one of all my first class-mates living, I believe. I saw many

things in the working of this revival which I did not approve; as, the young converts preferring to assemble at meetings, instead of quietly reading and meditating at home in their closets :—then there wanted more judgment in the placing of young beginners in suitable classes; and those of them who had not had the advantage of living in praying families, and in consequence were not so fluent in prayer, were not sufficiently taken by the hand; while those who had praying parents were like little orators, and these were more looked upon and brought forward.

[Some further particulars have been gleaned respecting his conversion which may be given here. In the year 1783 Mr. Benson and Mr. Dufton were appointed to the Bradford circuit, and Halifax was then included in that circuit. Under Mr. Dufton, Jonathan was very deeply impressed; his early convictions revived, and he resolved to forsake his evil ways. He continued to attend the chapel; and a sermon by Mr. Benson on the words, "Thou art weighed in the balances,

and art found wanting," was the means of more deeply awakening his soul. He felt himself to be a lost sinner, having no room for hope in himself. While seeking pardoning mercy and renewing grace, he was induced to become a member of the Methodist Society, as stated above, by joining himself to a class of which Mr. Robert Emmett was leader. He was often known in after life, and indeed generally about that time of the year when he was an earnest seeker of salvation, to go into the very room in which the class met, and place himself behind the door, observing, "I can never forget that here I once sat in perfect misery, a condemned criminal." For a season he drank deep of the wormwood and the gall; and after manifesting the genuineness of his sorrow by forsaking his sins, the day of mercy dawned upon him; and under a sermon, preached also by Mr. Benson, he obtained peace with God through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Jonathan now became a new man; he was renewed in the spirit of his mind, and became

as anxious to be the instrument of saving souls from death, as formerly, by his levity and wantonness, he had wickedly diverted many from giving heed to the things belonging to their peace.]

I continued fourteen years in Mr. Emmett's class, and then Mr. Thomas Taylor made me a leader. I met my first class in King-Cross-lane. After a time I had two, and sometimes three, classes on my hands. My original class has swarmed upward of six times: their new leaders, many of them, were my pupils, as I may call them. I have known many young lads who had taken pleasure in annoying and disturbing me, playing tricks, fastening me in my house, &c., when they were convinced, come to my class, and some of them are now leaders. I do not approve of good nature having to toil with forty persons in one class. I was always willing to have my classes divided when they became too heavy.

About this time a thought struck my mind. I said, we ought to take the destitute state of

the country round Halifax into consideration. There was then no chapel at Southowram, Ovenden, Blackmires, Sowerby, Sowerby Bridge, Ripponden, Mill-Bank, Elland, Brighouse, Clayton-Heights, or Luddenden; and the people were scattered about in the valleys and on the hill sides, far from a church, and in a state of spiritual darkness little better than that of the heathen. So Joseph Thompson, William Normington, James Farrar, and I, agreed to devote ourselves on Sundays and the evenings of the week to these places. We held prayer meetings, sometimes as many as seven or eight on a Sunday. The country people called us "recruiting serjeants."

I remember once as we were passing by a pond where now Clayton-Heights chapel stands, a lad who was sliding on the ice (it was in winter time) began calling us ill names. Presently he got a most severe fall on the ice. He thought this a judgment upon him for having spoken against us; so he followed us to the house at which we were to

hold the meeting, resolving to get as near as possible to the "little man." He afterward became a member of our society; and about four years ago, when I was preaching at Great Horton, he came to me, and told me this incident.

At Luddenden there was an idiot who was delighted to attend our meetings. I used to give him a penny now and then, and he always went round to tell the neighbours when there was going to be a meeting. And he did his work well, for he invited both rich and poor. When our campaign at Southowram opened, there was not a single member in the whole village. At first we were greatly annoyed by the young men, and one of us had to stand sentinel while the other was praying. "We will have at you," said I, "on the week-days." So we went up on Wednesday night, and by the blessing of God great success attended us.

I was with Mr. Goodwin when he joined twenty-two members at one time. This was the first class formed at Southowram. At

Luddenden, in 1799–1801, the revival was at its height. One night I got Mr. Emmett and James Hellewell to go with me. I had noticed a little moving among the dry bones before. We began the meeting. I gave an exhortation. There was a sailor present, who was a backslider. He had crept into a corner, and sat as if he were afraid of a press-gang. From that night the fire broke out; and it was just as when the whins [furze or bushes] on a common are set on fire;—it blazed gloriously; and in half a year after Mr. Kirkpatrick joined fifty-four members in one night. Now they have three chapels in the neighbourhood, and many local preachers.

About this time I was exhorting at Midgley (for we sought out all corners) from these words, "The great day of his wrath is come." There were two lads breaking the sabbath, sitting under a hedge half a mile off. The word reached them, and they were struck to the heart. One of them, known in the neighbourhood by the name of "tumbling Joe," became afterward a local preacher. I meet

with many who were children in those days who remember me. I was going down Methley once, where I was to attend a missionary meeting, when a woman called me into her house, and said, "Isn't it Jonathan?" I said, "Yes." She said, "Bless you, come in. I remember you when you used to come to my grandmother's at Southowram to hold prayer meetings;" and we rejoiced together. Mr. Robert Emmett used to superintend the prayer leaders. There were twelve sets of us. Our range was this:—Salter-Hebble, Skircoat-green, Washer-lane, Pellon, Wheatley, Ovenden, Pulneck, High-road Well, Hipperholme, Marsh-delves, Southowram. When we began there were not persons in one of these places, except Skircoat-green, that could carry on a prayer meeting by themselves. At this time I worked at Copley Mill, and was respected by my employer; but I remember I used to be greatly annoyed by S. B., J. D., and others my work-fellows, coming into the room where I was at work, and reviling me on account of my religion.

A revival broke out at this time: (July, 1793:) I used to go, after I had finished my work for the day, sometimes as far as Lindley, and all round, to prayer meetings, and would come home at midnight, sleep in the wool in the mill, then up in the morning to my work, and off again at night, as before, to some other place. When the revival broke out at Skircoat, James Hellewell asked Mr. Lomas to tea. After tea, as James's son and I were following the other two to the preaching, the lad said, "Jonathan, what kind of a sermon shall we have to-night?" I said, "I believe we shall have none." "How so?" said he. I answered, "I believe the Spirit will break in upon us;" and so it happened. Mr. Lomas, while engaged in prayer, felt the Holy Spirit so powerfully upon him, that he continued upward of twenty minutes in prayer, until he fell exhausted into James Hellewell's arms. The whole place rang with cries for mercy. Mr. L. said, as he lay there, "Lord, I was going to take for my text, 'Now is the accepted time;' but

thou hast taken it into thine own hands." Many were set at liberty that night. It was a great blessing that the young converts had a leader of so much judgment and piety appointed over them as James Hellewell. One of these nights I speak of there was a chapelful assembled at Greetland, and they put me on a table to pray. Had they not done so, I believe I should have been smothered on account of the press and my small stature. As I was praying, the power of God came among us, and many found mercy. The very men who had formerly persecuted me at Copley Mill, now came to me like children to be instructed. Some of them afterward became acceptable and useful local preachers.

After a little while the Kilhamites' division took place, which did great damage at Greetland, owing, I think, to the fact of some of the inexperienced converts having been made leaders. I was at the Leeds conference when Kilham revolted. Going down Boar-lane I met Mr. Christopher Hopper, who said, "Well, Jonathan, they say they

will have Greetland chapel; but they never shall while Kitty has a foot in it." I have seen many a division since then; but I never had the least inclination to join the seceders. I was convinced under the instrumentality of the old connection, and to them I owe, under God, my conversion. Although I was often asked to leave them, I never would consent. I believe that however the body may be assailed by selfish or ambitious men, yet it will never be dissolved so long as it maintains its doctrines in their purity, and enforces its discipline with impartiality. And with respect to the preachers, I have lived upward of forty years almost next door to them, only the chapel between us, and have had many opportunities of becoming intimately acquainted with them; and I can truly say that there is not one of them for whose return among us I would not freely hold up my hand.

About the latter end of the year 1803 I went up to Southowram, to Freeman's-fold End, near Chapel-a-briers, to hold a prayer

meeting in the place of one who should have preached there. The house was filled. A leader came up to me, and said, "Now you must preach to us." I said, "I never took a text in my life." But he said, "Then you must *try*." So, after much hesitation, and under great trembling, I got up, and took my text, Job xiv, 1. After I had done I said to myself, "Farewell to preaching!" On the Sunday after the same leader came to me as I was coming out of Halifax chapel, and said, "Go on, Jonathan, there was one awakened under your last Sunday's sermon." One day a little after this Mr. Gaulter came into my house, and said to me, "Jonathan, I want you to go and supply my place at High-road Well to-night." I demurred, but at last I went, for he was my superintendent. He came in afterward, and said, "I will put your name on the plan." I told him I hoped he would not. At last it was agreed that he should put a little *S* in the place where I was planned. I told him it was not to be expected that a man of forty-four years of

age, who had had no education, would make much improvement. But he overruled all my objections, and I became a local preacher.

I have often gone to Heptonstall, and preached twice, and come home the same day, on foot, sometimes in the depth of winter, when it was snowing and blowing hard. Once I had to go and preach for Mr. Robert Emmett at Barnsley. As I was going I said to myself, "What art thou going to do? they will never receive thy blundering preaching." But the Lord raised up a standard against Satan, and strengthened me; and I preached three times that day, the 18th of June, 1815. I remember praying for our army, for it was expected they would be somewhere near a battle. [This was the day on which the battle of Waterloo was fought.] At the time of the riots, (1812-13,) when the mob took to breaking machinery, I preached one Sunday to the largest congregation that ever assembled in Halifax chapel. A young man had been shot while assisting to make an entry into a mill near Cleckheaton, for the pur-

pose of breaking machinery; and he was brought to Halifax chapel to be buried. On the Sunday after the funeral the people came from far and wide to show their sorrow for the deceased, [or rather to make a political demonstration.] They filled the chapel to overflowing: hundreds stood on the outside, unable to get in, and constables walked before the doors to keep the peace. The preacher who was planned for that afternoon had gone to Huddersfield, probably to get out of the way. Mr. Jabez Bunting sent for me. When I got into the pulpit, and looked round, I felt faint. It was the first time that ever I felt my right thigh weaker than the other: it trembled as if I had an ague. My tongue for a long time clave to the roof of my mouth. Mr. Bunting was in the chapel. After the singing I felt loosed in spirit, and took for my text my favourite, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures," &c. Toward the end I had occasion to speak of the Christian's confidence in a dying hour, and I con-

trasted the death of the believer with that of the infidel. At that time, perhaps more than ever, infidelity was busy among the lower classes. I said, "When the tried Christian has been toiling on the ocean of life, he comes at last to the harbour's mouth, and angels are standing on the shore to welcome him home. But the infidel, as he comes in, sees devils waiting for him, and he cries, 'Tack about, tack about!' but no, in he must go," and so on. Then I exclaimed, "Infidel, die hard! never strike the black flag when death confronts you!" It seemed to have a great effect. A few days afterward, as I was going up King-Cross-lane to my class, some persons threw stones at me, but I was not hurt.

CHAPTER III.

JONATHAN'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF—CONCLUDED.

Not long after Great Horton chapel was opened I was sent for to preach there. The chapel was crowded. When I got up into the pulpit I could not help looking back to the days of my boyhood, when I saw myself walking on crutches, a miserable cripple, upon the very green near which the chapel stood. I felt my heart to overflow with gratitude to God for his gracious providence. I said to the congregation, "If I had a word that would do your souls good, I would give it you, though it should cost me my life. For I owe my life to you, through the mercy of God.....If you want to know where I got my education,—where my college was,—it was the workhouse yonder; (pointing to the workhouse near;) there it was that I received all my education, between the knees of an old pensioner." It was encouraging to me to learn afterward that the daughter of the

overseer was awakened under the sermon. She is now gone to heaven.

About six years since I preached a missionary sermon at Denholme one Sunday night; and after service some one said to me, "Jonathan, you must go in the morning and see a sick woman." I said, "Where does she live?" They answered, "About half a mile off." In the morning I went with them, and when I got into the house I was taken with a fit of musing. I stood still on the house-floor, and looked on the hearth a long and fixed look. The woman seeing me thus stand and muse without speaking, said, "Did you once live here?" As I was standing there I gave a look back, and inwardly exclaimed, "What has God done for poor me!" and then I thought of my three or four years of suffering in that very house; for there it was that my thigh was broken; and I said, "Is it possible that the Lord should have brought me to pray with that woman!" I knelt down beside her, and prayed with heart and eyes overflowing with gratitude to

God. An old man, upward of fourscore, who had lately been converted to God, came in just then; and while I was praying the poor woman rose up in her bed, and wheeling round on her knees, began praising God with all the powers of her voice, exclaiming, "The Lord has cured me, both body and soul!" I said, "Never heed the body if the soul's healed. You'll feel the body again:" and I said, "O Lord, now thou hast repaid me for all my sufferings in this house!" The old man, sitting by the fireside, exclaimed, "Well, I never saw the like in all my life!" It would have made a good scene for a painter. The old woman sitting, or rather kneeling up in bed, and raising her hands and voice as high as she could; the old man, with mouth wide open, wondering at the sudden strength and fervour of the woman, as if it were a miracle; and I standing by the bedside in ecstasy, and with a face full of joy and gratitude.

After the loss of Dr. Coke almost everybody was expressing his fears for the cause

of missions. Some young persons, however, at Leeds began to collect subscriptions, and others also got up a missionary meeting. This example was soon followed by the friends at Halifax. The first meeting I was not able to attend. The missionary flame spread. It got to Manchester. But many preachers, holy men of God, opposed the plan of public meetings with collections. "They could not see through it; but they were afraid it would hurt the connection." But has it done so? No. There have never been those loud outcries about the debts of circuits in the district meetings which were frequent *before* missionary meetings were started. And I say, moreover, missionary meetings have taught the people the art of giving. Somebody complained of there being too many collections. I said, "They keep our hands in." On one occasion Mr. Kirkpatrick took four of the local preachers with him, of whom I was one, to a missionary meeting. This was the beginning of my missionary career. I was afterward invited

to attend meetings at Bradford, Keighley, Huddersfield, and other neighbouring places. I generally studied my speeches out of some passage of Scripture.

I was the worst frightened when they sent for me to Hull. Mr. Benson was in the chair, and there were many great speakers on the platform. I said to myself, "They will never bear with *me*." However, about ten minutes before I was called on to speak, I got delivered from the fear of Mr. Benson. On getting up I said, "I thank God, sir, that *you* are in the chair; for if anybody will have patience with children it is parents." Here he gave me *such a look*. I went on: "I was awakened under you, sir, in 1784," &c. My speech was founded on that parable of our Lord, in which the kingdom of heaven is likened unto a grain of mustard-seed. I went on to say that "I knew this seed when it was first sown among us, and I see it now spreading. There is no climate too hot or too cold for it:—where man can live, it can. Whenever I enter a town the first thing that I look

for is the top branches of the mustard-tree, and in some places I see it higher than the houses. This seed has now reached the East and West Indies, and is thriving there. They like the sample we have sent them, and they are sending for more from the Methodist shops. Now, what is it we are met here for to-day? It is to devise means of sending them some more of this precious seed. So we are like to make a good chest to send it in, that it may not be spoiled on the passage. Let us see then what we can do. Let the bottom of the chest be made of copper—an inch thick." I looked round at the bottom of the chapel, and said, "Now take care, and do not stint it: throw in all the money you have; for if the bottom comes out, for want of being strong enough, they will lay all the blame upon you. It shall be lined with eighteen-penny pieces, shillings, and sixpences, just as we line kettles, to keep the seed from foisting, [fusting, or becoming mouldy.] The corners shall be two-and-sixpenny pieces; the lock and key shall

be gold. Then our chest will want a direction: so a five pound note at the top for a flourish, and two or three pound notes on each side; so that, whichever way it goes, it will never get to a wrong place, if it get where a missionary can inquire about it." So I was going on in *my* way, and just as I was getting the missionary chest on board ship, Mr. Benson jumped up, and with one of his peculiar tones exclaimed, "Come, let us make the missionary chest." The collection was made immediately, and a most abundant one it proved.

The next day Mr. Turton and I crossed over to Barton, in Lincolnshire, where we had a very good missionary meeting. Mr. Benson came there to preach at night; and while we were getting our tea he came into the room, which was full of people, and taking me by the hand, said, "Well, brother, if with all our blundering we have but been a means in the hands of God of begetting a good desire in one poor sinner's bosom, it's worth all our labour."

Before leaving the room I said to him, "Sir, you will be at Leeds conference;—if you can step over to Halifax, and give us a sermon, there will be many of your old friends glad to see you." He came, and preached from, "By grace are ye saved." That Sunday I was preaching seven miles off, at Fellgrove, in the Huddersfield circuit. I preached twice, and set out immediately after preaching, and was just in time to hear him. He went down to Mr. Ashworth's, and the poor people that had known him when he was in the circuit followed him. Into the house they flocked, and there was much crying, and rejoicing to shake hands with him, and he was equally happy among them. Ah! the Methodists set some store by their old preachers in those days. They had not then got itching ears; every succeeding sermon was thought better than the former from the same man. The people dearly loved their preachers.

It was when I was at Hull this time that I was asked by Mr. Myles to preach in

George Yard chapel one Sunday at seven A. M. I did so. Some soldiers belonging to a regiment quartered in the town were there. About a year after, as I was in the prayer meeting at Halifax, there came up a fine-looking soldier to me, and said, "God bless you, sir, my soul was awakened at Hull under a sermon you preached there at seven o'clock in the morning." This circumstance greatly encouraged me.

I was at a missionary meeting at Manchester, when one of the speakers (he was one of those who had sailed with Dr. Coke for the East Indies) was relating the circumstances of the doctor's death at sea. A person in the congregation rose up and said, "We have had that before." It had, I believe, been given in the Missionary Notices. When my turn to speak came, I said, "Mr. Chairman, it has been said that we have heard the account of Dr. Coke's death before:—perhaps a thousand of us have heard it; but I would ask, are there not nearly two thousand here who have to work hard all the

week, many of them in the factories, that have not had an opportunity of reading or hearing it? And are they to be debarred now from hearing it from an eyewitness?.... Mr. Chairman, suppose a father had four sons to carve for at dinner-time every day, and after helping them all, one of them should say, 'Father, I cannot eat this, it is too fat!' must the father say to the other three, 'Lay down your knives and forks till such time as your sulky brother comes to his meat?' Would this be fair?" The gentleman who had called out, came to me afterward when at a missionary meeting in Liverpool, and frankly acknowledged that he had done wrong. This figure of the sulky boy I afterward worked upon, and applied it to the case of those who say, "Why send money out of the country year by year, and so many missionaries to the heathen, when we have heathens enow at home?" I said, "True, we have heathens at home: but is that because we have no Bibles, no churches, no chapels, no gospel ministers at home? No. There

is not a man in England but might have a knowledge of the blessed truths of the gospel before he is eighteen years old, if he would. And are we to withhold from the poor heathens, who are willing to hear, the means of grace and salvation, until all the sulky sinners in England are converted? The poor heathen never send for a *great* preacher: all they want is a missionary; and when he comes among them, they receive him, ay, as an angel of God." Mr. Kirkpatrick once asked me, "Jonathan, where did you get your 'sulky boy?'" "I got it," said I, "where I find all my speeches, behind my spinning-jenny."

I once went to preach a club sermon at Blackshaw-Head. It was before the chapel was built. I preached out of doors; and after sermon, while my dinner was being got ready, I stepped into a poor woman's house. There soon after came in a young man, holding out his open hand to me, with two-pence in it. I said, "What is it, my lad?" and when he continued silently offering me the

money, I asked the woman what he meant? She said, "He is deaf and dumb. He has seen something in you that he likes: you must take it, or he will not be pleased." So I took it of him, and away he ran out of the house, quite delighted. Presently he returned with a basin of broth; and nothing could satisfy him but my eating too. Some time after this I was to preach at Mankin-Holes, and this poor lad's sister tried hard to make him understand as much. She tried many ways, but all in vain. At last she bethought her to walk across the house-floor, with one arm thrown behind, across her back, and in imitation of my way of walking; at which he jumped for joy. He came and sat opposite me. After sermon he came to me, throwing abroad his hands, his face beaming with joy, and tears trickling down his cheeks; then patted his breast, to signify how good the sermon had been to him. I said, "Bless thee, lad, thou canst *feel* if thou canst not *hear*." He became a member of the congregation at Myrtle Grove, near Todmorden.

I preached them their club sermon at Blackshaw-Head for nine or ten years. One of the times I was there I said to them, "It is a barren place this,—try and have a chapel. Out with your one pound and your five pound notes. Some of you can afford to do this, I know." Well, by the time I went again they had built a chapel, a fine large chapel. It was built on the very spot where formerly bull-batings were held. They found the ring and stake to which the bull used to be tied. Mr. Day opened the chapel on a Sunday, and I preached in it the day following.

I was once on a visit for a few days in the Newark circuit, when I preached and attended missionary meetings in various places. One of these meetings, I remember, was held in a little cottage which our friends had engaged for preaching. The collection amounted to upward of two pounds, besides a sack of barley which a farmer gave to the cause.

I attended a juvenile missionary meeting at Salford. The first speaker said that the seniors did not look upon the juvenile asso-

ciation as they ought to do: they seemed to consider them as intruders, or as deformed children. When I got up, I said, "Who is more noticed than a deformed person? If I were passing through the streets of Manchester with a gentleman six feet high, which of us, think ye, would be most looked at? Why, they would look at me. Sometimes children will stand in the streets, and say, as I pass, 'See, what a little man!' And they will call their companions to come and look at me. Then I get into the midst of them, and ask them questions, such as, 'Whether they go to a Sunday school? whether they love God?' and so on. My deformity has been the means of my preaching many hundred sermons in this way to children." At the close of my speech I said, "Now, I like good singing, and you can sing well at Manchester. I like all four parts going in harmony. Let us see if we cannot sing well to-night. Of the four parts, copper shall be the tenor; silver will set the treble; counter will be well sung by gold, sovereigns or half-

sovereigns; and there are some old gentlemen here will sing base with their pound notes." One of the leading singers near the platform was so pleased, that he immediately held up a pound note for me to take it of him; and laying it down on the table, I said, "Now, then, the base is set;" and a good collection was made.

[Thus ends Jonathan's autobiography. It is not to be criticised with severity. A little egotism, and even a little garrulity, may be pardoned in an old man. He was not a man of education, or of refined taste, and he was now well stricken in years. A much fuller account of himself was given to a friend many years since, and it is much to be regretted that it has been destroyed or lost.

CHAPTER IV.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS:—HIS DEATH.

We now turn to the narrative of further particulars, drawn from such sources as remained available.

Jonathan's first efforts to do good were by assisting in holding prayer meetings in the villages and hamlets surrounding Halifax. He would then, in company with a few young men like-minded, visit Skircoat Green, Greetland, Stainland, Elland, Southowram, Clayton-Heights, Blackmires, Thornton, Illingworth, Ovenden, Sowerby, Luddenden, and, in short, all the villages within six or eight miles of Halifax. These were arduous labours, and not altogether free from serious annoyances, opposition, and persecution. These good men were often assailed with harmless ridicule and rough words; and not unfrequently with snow-balls, rotten eggs, and stones. But nothing daunted, they found their work its own reward; and the wintry

storm and the scorching summer's sun saw Jonathan travelling over hills, and exploring valleys, calling the poor cottagers together, who lived far from any place of worship, and who could not call the sabbath a delight, giving them a word of exhortation, and then praying with and for them. It is not too much to say that no man within that neighbourhood has been in such labours more abundant; and no doubt hundreds have been by his instrumentality saved from sin, and brought to God.

He would sometimes go out to hold a prayer meeting, and give a word of exhortation, at some neighbouring village at six o'clock, and then return to hold another such meeting in the town at eight; and at other times he would set off at an early hour on the sabbath morning on a longer round, and return in the evening, delighted with the work, but weary in the service. Although prayer meetings and the preaching of the word are now, as means of grace, so greatly multiplied, that they are less valued; yet the

example of self-denying labour in Jonathan Saville, and other early Methodists, is a standing reproof of those who make no efforts for the salvation of souls; and it ought to provoke the zeal of many.

Those who have only known Jonathan during his years of decrepitude, will be surprised to learn that at one time he could walk with ease twenty-five and thirty miles during the day; and he has been known to walk even forty miles in one day. And what is more remarkable, he has sometimes given chase to a mischievous, hale young man, up and down some of the steeps in the immediate neighbourhood of his own house, putting him to his utmost efforts to escape: but he could never ride on horseback; so that when he journeyed to distant places he was generally obliged to walk.

After filling the office of prayer leader fourteen years, Jonathan was appointed leader of a class,—a charge which he entered upon with fear and trembling, and not without a renewed act of self-dedication. In this office

he was made very useful to the church of Christ. He was well qualified to speak unto the children of Israel that they should go forward; always cheerful, always encouraging. He generally said but little to the members of his class; but his remarks were pertinent to the state of their experience. He was particularly happy in the use of familiar illustrations in speaking to them; and when one had been complaining of perplexity and trouble from wandering thoughts, he said, "You cannot prevent the birds from flying over your head, but you need not let them build in it." To another, who feared dying, "If God were to give you *dying* grace now, it would be a burden to you. He will give you *living* grace now, and *dying* grace when you want it."

He was always careful to conclude his class meeting within the hour, partly lest the engagement should disturb family order, and partly because he believed long meetings are almost always dull and less profitable. And, indeed, we shall generally find

that short and lively class meetings are best attended, and most quickly increase in numbers; while those that are long and dry decrease; the loss by deaths and removals not being made up by additions out of the world. It was not so with Jonathan: his class was divided some six or seven times; and as many offshoots, it is believed, still exist in Halifax. At one period it was not uncommon for the preacher, quarter after quarter, to give from five to ten, and even as many as fifteen, notes of admission to new members in his class.

In the year 1803 he was called to the office of local preacher, although then in the forty-third year of his age. He was exceedingly unwilling to enter upon such an important work, from a deep sense of his insufficiency in respect of grace, ability, and attainments; but his objections were overruled by the church. When he became convinced that this was the will of God concerning him, he rather sought than shunned opportunities to preach the word. In his reading

he confined himself chiefly to the standard writers of his own connection; but he does not appear to have read largely; and his mind was not remarkably well furnished with theology. His preaching was not doctrinal, nor expository, but chiefly historical; and consisted principally of exhibitions of human depravity drawn from experience and observation, and a strong enforcement of the necessity of repentance, and of faith in Christ.

These topics were stated with uncommon clearness and force, and illustrated in such a natural and familiar manner, that none could misunderstand him. He was often exceedingly happy in his quotations from the Scriptures; producing the most apt and impressive, and sometimes giving them such a new and singular application as evinced great ingenuity and skill. But his great force lay in his manifest honesty of heart,—his simple endeavour to do the people good, by first engaging and engrossing them wholly to himself and his subject, and then earnestly pressing home the most important truths

upon their consciences. Sometimes he did this with so much zeal and vehemence, that it was almost impossible to withstand his earnestness. One instance will illustrate this:—Once when at Thornton he was on his favourite topic, pressing home the necessity of repentance with such vehemence, that his exertions caused a sudden and violent bleeding from the nose. He immediately exclaimed, "Sinners! this blood shall witness against you at the last day, if you do not repent!" and he then redoubled his efforts, and made a most effective application of his subject.

From the first, Jonathan was an exceedingly popular preacher. He was the man of the people. He was a little man; and everybody knew the cause of his diminutiveness. There was a sparkling, pleasant wit about him, which made everybody feel that he was happy; and it tended to enkindle and diffuse cheerfulness around him. He thought with *the many;* and he always made the service of God *appear* reasonable by the

cheerfulness of his own spirit, and by the felicity of his illustrations. These were generally in similies, or continued allegory; and they always impress the multitude more than an elaborate figure. This he could not have managed, and he was too wise to attempt it. He knew the length of his line, and was content with it. He kept to those great subjects which ennoble all language,—kindle the sensation of sublimity in all minds,—make the foolish wise, and the weak strong. He had a valuable auxiliary in his voice, for it had great volume and force, and was clear and musical. In prayer, especially when he had waxed warm, he could be heard at a great distance, and above all other voices and sounds. Everybody knew him when afar off by this peculiarity. He had much action in preaching;—indeed his preaching was too vociferous, and his action far too violent. Many of his sermons produced extraordinary impressions, and he was honoured in the conversion of many souls. His great aim was to produce conviction of sin;

and in this respect his preaching was similar in spirit, and in some respects in style, to the writings of Baxter. He often *sought*, in order to save sinners, by going out into the highways and hedges. Some of his out-door exercises were very striking; one particularly when he preached on a text from which Mr. Whitefield often preached with remarkable results:—"O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord!" The effects were electrical and extraordinary; and this was generally the case under that sermon. He had several remarkable discourses, to some of which he or the people gave quaint titles. The good effect of one was to send people to their wardrobes, to distribute their cast-off clothing among the poor, who are thankful to obtain garments which the more wealthy will no longer wear. His sermons on the "Vision of the Dry Bones," and on "Studying to be quiet, and to do our own business," and some others, will never be forgotten by those who heard them.

Jonathan could not be deterred by the fear

of consequences from doing his duty, but he had the boldness of a lion. During the disturbances which prevailed in the manufacturing districts in 1812, many events occurred calculated to disturb the peace of the church, and to try the faith and faithfulness of those who preached the word. On the occasion alluded to in his narrative, he faithfully protested against the principles of disloyalty and unlawful organization, which tended to sap the foundations of society. He cleared himself of the blood of these sinners; protesting against what was unlawful, and urging the people to peaceableness and godly quiet. There is reason to believe that mischief was imagined against him on this account; for soon afterward a man entered into conversation with him not far from his own home, to whom he spoke with all plainness; and just as he entered his own dwelling, a brick was maliciously thrown after him, which hit the door only, and thus his life was graciously preserved.

Jonathan was greatly sought after as a

preacher for special occasions, particularly for Sunday-school anniversary sermons. He was often sent for to distant places, and sometimes to large towns, to assist in holding missionary meetings. On the platform, as might be expected, he was not only acceptable, but popular and effective: indeed, it is thought by many of his friends that he shone more on the platform than in the pulpit. His power of uttering extemporaneous as well as studied allegory; his play of wit, the readiness of his replies, and the originality of many of his remarks, together with the obvious truth, that he was *honest* in the sacred cause, and happy in his work, gave a freshness, a charm, and a power to his speeches, which could not but make him popular. Some of his efforts were brilliant and worthy of men of greater name. He had a great readiness in seizing upon passing incidents to illustrate his positions, or to heighten his impressions; and a wonderful facility in working upon the passions of an audience. He once made a speech on a

missionary occasion, in which he most touchingly described the sufferings of an orphan boy; and at length described the agony endured during the slow process of healing a fractured thigh; and when the feelings of the auditory had been wound up to the highest pitch, he produced the most extraordinary effect, by slapping his own disfigured limb, and crying out with vehemence, "*And this is that broken thigh! and I am that orphan boy!*" He then, with great ingenuity, turned the whole flood-tide of feeling which he had raised into the channel of benevolence and practical pity for those whose sufferings are unmitigated by the mild influence and consolations of Christianity.

Some of his favourite speeches, such as the Missionary Ship, the death and burial of Old Bigotry, the Oak Tree, the Mustard Tree, and some others, will not soon be forgotten; but for full effect they should have been heard from Jonathan's own lips: they would not bear to be retailed or smuggled. It is true it was sometimes attempted to

repeat them, with more or less exactness, and more *or less* honesty; but they were failures; and none could furnish the spirit, and vivacity, and honest confidence, with which the original framer of such allegories could invest them. On one occasion, when some one had purloined a speech, and usurped the function of burying Old Bigotry, *after claiming his own*, he said to the chairman, "And more than this, they have not buried him rightly: he will rise again after *such* a burial; and if you please, sir, we will bury him over again." He then, with great address, gave the original reading of a speech which had suffered by passing through many hands; and evidently enjoyed an honest satisfaction in doing justice to himself, and in showing the value of such meetings in promoting brotherly and catholic love.

This will be a fit occasion to introduce *an outline*, but we fear an imperfect one, of this speech. The late excellent Mr. Lloyd, while stationed in Halifax, and Mr. Barker, kindly bore Jonathan's expenses to London, that he

might have an opportunity of attending some of the great meetings held there annually for the advocacy and support of Christian and benevolent enterprises; and the idea of "burying Old Bigotry" appears to have suggested itself when attending the anniversary meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society. We give the speech as delivered at a missionary meeting in the West-Riding of Yorkshire, where a Calvinist and an Arminian were carrying on a warm controversy.

The speaker who addressed the meeting next before him, had proposed a marriage between the Missionary and the Bible Societies. He got up, and said, "I forbid the banns; they are too near akin." He afterward proceeded: "Sir, we have had talk of a marriage on the platform; what if we have a funeral too? There is an old man, of whom we have all heard, who has lived to be a plague to all about him for now nearly six thousand years. It was he who tempted Cain to murder his brother Abel: he has been going on in the same way ever since.....

This old wretch happened to be in London at the time the Bible Society was first instituted. He went, you may be sure, to the meeting. Peeping in at the door, he asked a person standing there, 'What all those gentlemen on the platform were going to do?' The answer was, 'Why, they are met to devise means of sending out the Bible, in all languages, to all parts of the earth where there is a human being to be found.' Then he asked, 'Who is that in the chair?' 'That is Lord Teignmouth.' 'And who are those on his right and left?' 'Those are two of the princes royal.' 'And those in lawn-sleeves?' 'Are bishops; and all those dressed in black, with white cravats, are ministers of every sect and party.' Upon hearing all this, the old man turned himself round, and said, 'What! lords against me! princes, bishops, and ministers of all denominations, against me! Ah, then, it's all over with me!' He reared his back against the wall, and began pecking and coughing; exhibiting, in short, all the symptoms of asthma. 'Alas, alas!'

said he, after a pause, and one or two gasps for a mouthful of breath, 'so long as I had bishops and princes on my side I could do well. I must off to my old and best friend, the pope, and try and keep him from joining them in this mad scheme. If he forsake me, I must go to the poorhouse: I am ruined for ever!'" Here he called out to the meeting, "Are there any doctors here?" Somebody said, "Yes." "Well, then," said he, "whatever you do, do not recommend a sea voyage to the old man: for if you do, and he gets once on shipboard, he will never stop till he gets to the East and West Indies; and then we shall have nothing but disturbances among the missionaries. He will take with him all their *differences*, which they left behind, in his pockets; and when he gets there he will distribute them privately at every missionary's door. At present they are all quiet and friendly: so mind now, and keep him from going abroad to recruit. If you are called in, give him plenty of mercury, and get rid of him. I can tell when he used to

be so impudent, that he would sit nowhere but at the back of the preacher, in the pulpit. And if it was an Arminian that was preaching, he would whisper in his ear, 'Now give old John Calvin a knock.' And then he would off to a Calvinist pulpit, and say, 'Give old Arminius a knock.' And whenever two ministers of the gospel are engaging in controversy, he runs directly to hell's mouth, and calls out that two ministers are fighting a duel. Whereupon, hell rings again with shouts, and they say to him, 'Well done! keep them at it: supply them well with gall. We know while they are at that work they will compose no more gospel sermons.' However, the blow which Old Bigotry received in London has all but killed him. He grows worse and worse; and they won't suffer him now to go further into the chapel than just in at the door; for he coughs and spits so, that the dog-whipper has orders to give him a good rap on his shins if he comes further.—— *He'll die;* and as he is such an old gentleman, and has made such a great stir in the

world, we must even give him a decent funeral: and as he has plagued all sects and parties, it is but fair that all should have a share in the cost of his funeral. They call the Methodists, in general, a clumsy sort of folk; so they shall have the making of the coffin: I care not how many inches thick. The Moravians shall make his shroud, as they are good needle folks; and I have no doubt they will make it very nice!" There were some young students on the platform, and he turned round to them, and said, "Have you any confectioners among you Independents?" They said, "Yes." "Well, then, you shall find biscuits for those who come to the funeral." There was also an old Baptist minister there; and turning pleasantly to him, he said, "And the Baptists shall furnish drink, as they love to deal in wet. And as Church and State are linked together, the Church can afford gloves and scarfs. But who is to dig his grave? I have somebody in my eye for that too. The Methodists shall not; for they are such a friendly, communicative set, that they

will be telling all about it; and then the resurrection-men will come and take him up again. If the Church had it to do, they would perhaps be putting up a monument over him. The Quakers shall dig the grave; for they can keep a secret. They shall dig it twenty yards deep. I have no ill design in giving this hard work to them. I owe it to the kindness of a Quaker that I ever got on my feet after my thigh was broken. But they will not put a gravestone over him; and if any one asks them, 'Will you, pray, tell me where you have buried Old Bigotry?' the Quaker will reply, 'I suppose, friend, thou wants a grave by him?' The pope and three of his cardinals shall be foul-lookers, (mutes;) and they will look foul enough, for they have had the greatest interest in him. And the Primitive Methodists shall go to collect all the broken bottles they can find, break them small, and mix them with mortar, and so fill up his grave; *and let them that like, scratch him out.*"

Let it only be imagined that this outline

was filled up by the man who could extemporize in this kind,—a man of insignificant size, and deformed, from whom little was expected, but who when excited by his subject, and by a Yorkshire audience, could suit the action to the word, and quickly make the people smile or weep,—and no one will be surprised that he was popular. He was often requested to give this speech in the parlour; and he readily consented for the sake of the private collection for the missions for which he always stipulated before he began.

On one occasion he was sent for to assist at some missionary meetings; and a clergyman who spoke before him was severely condemning anything more cheerful than became the gravity of the pulpit, forgetful of the difference between the occasions and circumstances; and spoke strongly on the necessity of using great plainness of speech; observing, "We must come down to the people." Jonathan said, he had often felt that he would have been better qualified for his work had he had a better education; but he now thought that

he had an advantage which he had not before so clearly perceived: he had not to "come down," for he *could* speak in no other than plain language. He then followed his bent as to style of speaking, and the clergyman was the first to lose his gravity, which indeed he could not recover during the remainder of the meeting.

The great reason, after all, of Jonathan Saville's popularity, was his zeal and his usefulness. He was never idle, but was always "plotting where, and when, and how his Master's business should be done." We have seen how he laboured as a prayer leader, and how successful he was as a class leader. In preaching to sinners he was also honoured with great usefulness, especially during the period between 1816 and 1826. Frequently two and three persons were awakened under an afternoon sermon. He had great power in prayer, and was eminently a pleader with God; but he *looked for success* in preaching the Word. He honoured God by depending on his promise; and God

honoured him by the demonstration and power of his Spirit.

His zeal was not restricted to one kind or department of labour. For a period he met a class of young people,—a sort of select class,—whom he instructed, and engaged to commit to memory, psalms, hymns, and portions of the Catechism. At one time he and two or three others regularly fetched from the workhouse to the chapel, and carried back again, an infirm, bed-ridden man, who could not in any other way hear a sermon. It is supposed that he visited ten times as many sick persons as any of his brethren, and that generally at the particular request of the afflicted.

Jonathan was very successful in reproving sin. His reproofs were so obviously administered in kindness, and with such honesty and simplicity, that none were disposed to take offence. It is a remarkable fact, that seldom was any drunkard known to abuse Jonathan, or to treat him with incivility. On the contrary, they would often try to put on

a decent behaviour, because "little Jonathan was coming." Several instances might be adduced wherein his reproof of drunken persons was attended with the best effects. One man was going with his horse and cart along Clare Hall Road, and the horse *would* call at the accustomed public houses. The man was drunk: he spoke to Jonathan, who replied in a few words; but although he was in that state, the words sunk deep in his heart. He could not sleep that night; and when he became sober he was still more distressed; nor did he find any peace until he fled to Christ. Thus Jonathan's reproof became the means of the man's conversion.

On another occasion some young men were assembled, probably partly intoxicated, and on seeing Jonathan, one said, "Here's little Jonathan coming; let us have some fun with him!" "Yes," said another, "let us make him pray." When he came up to them, after some jocularity, they said, "Jonathan, we should like to hear you pray!" The little man instantly took off his hat, knelt

down by the road-side, and prayed most solemnly and fervently for them. But they were disappointed in their purpose: they found no sport, but became as serious as the grave. When he rose from his knees, they immediately collected together all their pence, amounting to upward of two shillings, which they absolutely insisted he should take; and he was constrained to do so.

He was once going up Southowram Bank, to preach at some village, when he was rudely assailed by a drunken man, who, together with other crooked names, called him "a little crooked devil," and instantly knocked him down. Jonathan rose quickly, and although somewhat hurt, with great calmness and quickness said, "The God that made *me* crooked has made *thee* straight, however!" and he then gave him such a lecture on his sins as he had never heard before. The reproof sunk deep even into the drunkard's heart. Some years afterward, when Jonathan had been preaching, (we think it was at Hull,) a stranger seized him with a

vigorous grasp, and said with warm bluntness, "*Bless God that ever I knocked thee down, Jonathan!*" Jonathan was amazed, and well might be. He had forgiven and forgotten the offence. The man reminded him of the above circumstance, and added, that his reproof was the means of his beginning to seek God, and led to his conversion. "The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies." Who will refuse to warn even the drunkard, from the unbelieving fear that it will be lost upon him? "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."

A friend was one day walking with Jonathan to Huddersfield, and on passing a place called Birch-in-Cliff, Jonathan pointed out to him the spot where once stood a house in which an old cockfighter lived. He used to feed and train game-cocks for public exhibitions, which usually took place on Sundays, the cock-pit being most frequented on those days. One Sunday Jonathan had to preach

at Lindley, and on his way there had to pass this house. He heard the cocks crowing; and reflecting, no doubt, as he approached the place, on the wicked scenes for which it was so notorious, he felt his spirit stirred within him at this profanation of the sabbath, and straightway made known his complaint to the Lord, fervently beseeching him that he would in some way interpose to end these disgraceful practices. Within a few days the man sickened and died; the house was deserted, and fell into ruins; and these cruel and profane sports were entirely banished from the neighbourhood.

Jonathan was sure in his visits to engage the attention and affection of children, by familiar Scriptural allusions and stories; and when he prayed with families, the children were always earnestly and with great affection remembered at the throne of grace. His prayers on their account were long afterward remembered with gratitude. The late Rev. Henry Heap, vicar of Bradford, has been often heard to express his obliga-

tions to him, under God, for early religious impressions produced by his conversations and prayers during his visits to his father's house. When at different towns in the neighbourhood of Halifax, he has often had invitations to the houses of persons unknown to him, and unconnected with his section of the church, but who remembered his visits to their parents when they were children. Many love his memory for this reason; and not a few have been brought under the ministry of the word, entirely by the influence of the kindness and religious affection manifested at a period when children are too frequently left unnoticed.

One feature of character which was strong in him should not pass without notice:—we refer to his attachment to Wesleyan Methodism, as one among the other forms of church polity which God has owned and honoured with great success. He thought he was warranted by Christ himself to judge of the tree by its fruit. Methodism had been the means of his own conversion and salvation;

and he, therefore, judged that they who had instrumentally begotten him again by Christ Jesus, must be true ministers of Christ; and the system, however much it may have been formed by prudential arrangements and providential circumstances, yet cannot be unscriptural in its principles, nor its blessings and fruits be "uncovenanted" mercies. His conviction that Methodism is a work of God, made him steadfast in his adherence to it as a system of means and discipline; and during all the troubles which his long experience had given him to witness, he was consistent, firm, and faithful. During the latter part of the last century he saw much strife and division, and had many temptations to depart from the fold he had chosen. He never hesitated or wavered. Perhaps his opponents, and some of his personal friends who had no very comprehensive views, or very settled principles, or serious concern about such matters, might think him too warm in his attachments. But without justifying every act or expression, or nicely judging him, all

must agree that he was honest, straightforward, zealous, and consistent; that his provocations were great; and that the wrongs which were done to the system, and to the party he had espoused, he might justly resent with honest and warm indignation, when he had no personal interest to serve. He endured much, in grief and in provocation, in those days of strife; but he outlived the war, and had a long season of peace, during which he rejoiced to see his beloved connection flourish like a green bay tree.

His convictions on these subjects gave him firmness and stability; and he was thus saved from following the example of those who continually leave one church for another, until the life and power of godliness are lost. The man who makes "the kingdom of God" to consist in "meat and drink," is not really united to the church of Christ. His convictions, and his enjoyment of the power of religion, not only kept Jonathan always in one section of the church of Christ, but made him *altogether* of that church. He knew

that it was religion under the name of Methodism that had made him all he was; and in grateful return he gave himself *wholly* to Methodism. He had no lingering fondness for either popularity or power elsewhere, so as to have a divided heart; and while he could admit that, like all other institutions where human agency is required, Methodism must, both in theory and in practice, betray human infirmity; yet he was no *croaker* He did not live upon decay and corruption. It was no pleasure to him to find out flaws and blemishes: he did not watch for men's halting. He knew that it was as much the work of zeal to remove hinderances, to cover faults, and to *work* for the supply of deficiencies, as to go forth with the sound of the trumpet to war. He always endeavoured to look at the bright side of things; and he had no sympathy with those who assume their own superiority because they can see the errors or defects of others, while they shut their eyes to the fact, that *they* most effectually hinder the prosperity

of that work for which they profess to have superior zeal.

It may be allowed that, in his latter years, he was occasionally known to be a little querulous and dissatisfied about personal matters; but there is good reason to believe that even this was the result of the infirmities of old age, worked upon by some who preferred to find fault with others, rather than to minister to his temporal comfort and godly edification. Left to himself, and not wrought upon by the designing or thoughtless, he was generally disposed to be grateful and happy; but it is in the power of almost any child in understanding to croak, and to make an old man croak too.

Jonathan Saville was permitted to attain to a great age; but at length "the time drew nigh that Israel must die." Infirmities came upon him, and afflictions also; especially a painful tumour on the back of his left hand, upon which he had an operation performed. But the knife was not effectual; and during the last few months of his life he suffered

much from its increase, and its influence upon his general health. The period of his confinement to his house and bed was short; and during that time he was often visited by ministers and friends, who ministered to his temporal wants as he had need. He always expressed his confident hope of heaven. In a conversation had with him a few days before his death, the writer took some pains to ascertain that Jonathan rested his hopes *exclusively* upon the atonement of Christ, and not in any degree upon his past services, or his standing or usefulness in the church; and the result was highly satisfactory. He renounced all but Christ; and in the language of the dying Wesley exclaimed,

> "I the chief of sinners am,
> But Jesus died for me."

On other occasions he expressed the same confidence of hope. To a friend, who said, "Jonathan, tell me, do you now feel the gospel, which you have so long preached to others, to be a cunningly-devised fable?" he replied, with great earnestness, "*No,*

and I never shall. It is TRUE; it is a rock." One morning, when a kind friend who had sat up with him was departing, she said, "I fear your bed is not very comfortable." "O!" he replied, "it is a great deal better than I deserve." "Well, Jonathan, you will soon have done with your sufferings, and a bright crown awaits you." "Yes," he replied, "if I be faithful."

The deathbed of our departed brother could not be expected to furnish any peculiar testimony to the power of divine grace. The decay of his bodily and mental powers through extreme old age and infirmity, and the effect of medicine given to allay the pain he suffered from the tumour on his hand, almost prevented his speaking during the last few days of his life: but increasing thankfulness for his temporal and spiritual mercies, and a more simple dependance upon the blood of atonement, were pleasing indications of a growing meetness for heaven. At length he calmly fell asleep in Jesus, on Thursday, May 26th, 1842, aged eighty-three years.

Our late brother's funeral was attended by a large concourse of people, including members of other churches, who willingly gave testimony to his worth. His remains were interred in the chapel-yard, in the grave upon which he had so often stood, contemplating the spoils of death in the removal of some members of his family. Since then that grave has received the mortal remains of his widow, who, after many years of faithful conjugal love and service, has now rejoined her partner in an indissoluble friendship.

Jonathan's funeral sermon was preached by the late deeply-lamented Rev. Thomas Galland, M. A., to a crowded congregation, on the Monday evening after the interment. The sermon—founded on Phil. i, 23, "For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better"—was in Mr. Galland's peculiar style, and showed how much his thoughts and heart were in heaven; and sweetly indicated that growing ripeness of faith and love which the Lord has since approved by gather-

ing him into the heavenly garner. The kindness and generosity of Mr. Galland to the poorer members of his flock is notorious; and to Jonathan it was continued to the close of life, although Mr. G. had been six years absent from the circuit; and at Jonathan's death it was kindly continued to the widow. They have all now met in that world where friendships are resumed, and are no more restricted by conventional or local difficulties; where gratitude and brotherly love pervade the atmosphere; and the calmness of contemplation is combined with the fervours of seraphic devotion.

It ought to be recorded, that for thirteen years the Wesleyans in Halifax (who have always had a good report for hospitality and kindness, and especially to their own poor) amply provided for the necessities of brother Saville, and ministered to his comfort. An annual subscription was made in order to give him a weekly allowance; the trustees allowed him a house free of rent; and he had standing and cordial invitations from a

number of friends, who gave him a cheerful welcome and all that was needful to the comfort of his outward man. His widow was equally well cared for. All this was done from principle as much as from kindness; for they remembered the large amount of gratuitous and self-denying services which Jonathan had rendered to the cause of truth and religion so long as he was able to work for God; and the Halifax Methodists practically acknowledge and adopt the principle of caring and providing for the worn-out servants of God. Would that this obligation were as well universally acknowledged; that those ministers who have expended their strength in the service of the church, might not in their old age be dependant on casual charity, or be obliged to plead for ordinary comforts, and sometimes a bare support, as those who have *no just* CLAIM upon the church. A faithful servant in a commercial house, or even an old horse, or the pet animals of a misanthropic spinster, have often the advantage, in respect of provision for old

age, of a faithful minister of Christ, to whom hundreds in the church, under God, owe their conversion, and, as a result, their prosperity in the world.

We have now considered the character of one who, having "fulfilled his course," has "fallen asleep." We have seen the power of religion as a support in adversity, and as a means of ennobling the human mind, and of advancing man in the scale of intelligence, of society, and of influence. What would Jonathan Saville have been but for religion? Most likely, a pleasant, clever mischief-maker. But the vigour of his mind was devoted to God. He entered a school where character, decision, devotedness, zeal, talents of every kind find room for exercise, and are all improved and directed to the highest ends. He who otherwise would have gained a notorious infamy, became conspicuous in the church of God, and had numerous opportunities of sowing that seed of the kingdom which is sure to yield a glorious harvest in eternity. Jonathan made a figure among the

Methodists in Yorkshire twenty or thirty years ago; and his Christian cheerfulness, his wit, his natural oratory, combined with his diminutiveness of stature, his zeal, and, above all, the assured tokens of his Master's presence, in the pulpit, on the platform, and in the social circle, gained him a sound, lasting, and *useful* popularity. He was the property, as he was the creature, of Methodism. That religious system found him in the midst of his sins and pollutions, and was the means of his purification; and the gift of grace by Jesus Christ quickened his intellectual powers into higher life, gave them a right direction, and sanctified them to holy uses. The Wesleyan ministry has been honoured of God in this, and in scores and hundreds of similar instances, in exhibiting the power of the gospel; and to them may be applied generally the beautiful language of their own ever-to-be-lamented Richard Watson, first applied to the West Indian missionaries:—"They have dived into that mine from which, we were often told, no

valuable ore or precious stone could be extracted; and they have brought up the gem of an immortal spirit, flashing with the light of intellect, and glowing with the hues of Christian graces." Could philosophy have claimed the honour of having brought Jonathan Saville out of the mine, of giving him an intellectual polish, and of casting upon him the light which he so vividly reflected upon others, she would indeed have vaunted herself. But he could truly and humbly say, "THY gentleness hath made me great. And they glorified God in me."

Who can estimate the value of those labours which such a man has bestowed upon the world, while for so many years pursuing the even tenor of his way? Without such influences and labours, the blessed results of *religion*, all other efforts in the way of education, philanthropy, or legislation, would be vain and abortive. Jonathan Saville (and he was the representative of a host of honoured labourers in the vineyard of the Lord) dealt with men's consciences; his business was

with the heart; he wielded the only instrument which could influence the whole man and the whole life; and by preaching the doctrines of a new birth, and salvation from sin to holiness, he became the means of a greater change than law can effect, and of greater good than the mere philanthropist ever aims at. This class of men depend upon "having a good report of them that are without;" upon the simplicity of their statement of truths of which they are the happy living witnesses and illustration; and upon that influence and power of the Holy Ghost which alone can render their labours successful. They deserve the respect and esteem of the church of God; and especially have a large claim on the sympathy, the gratitude, and the prayers of the entire Wesleyan connection. And if this little volume shall be the means of stimulating such "brethren beloved" to more diligent efforts for self-improvement, and more strenuous and faithful services in the cause of Christ, none will more abundantly rejoice in their success

than the present writer. There is need that all should labour with all their might in the great work of evangelizing the world: and "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

THE END.

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